

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

For the Minerva.

JOANNES OBERMÜLLER.

Imitated from the German.

PART FIRST.

RARELY has an honest, kinder character appeared in civilized society, than Joannes Obermüller, the subject of the following memoirs. To a singular defect in the constitution of his faculties are we indebted for the interesting history of his life, which a confidential friend has sketched in the view of benefiting posterity by his experience. Joannes possessed rare qualities, which might have insured him as much felicity as man is capable of enjoying; but, unhappily, its source was poisoned by his extreme dread of inspiring envy in the less purified breasts of those of his fellow-mortals with whom it was his lot to be associated. He wanted resolution to bear him through trials to which all exalted minds are exposed, and therefore preferred to forego the advantages of society, rather than attempt his advancement at the hazard of his tranquillity.

The proficiency of Joannes Obermüller at the introductory schools, and his extraordinary improvement at college, acquired for him tokens of approbation, which afforded more vexation than satisfaction. When at the academy of theology at Leipsic, he took especial pains not to distinguish himself, lest the envy of his fellow-students should be provoked. But the liberality of his father enabled him to indulge in little advantages which young students in divinity can seldom afford. His son was aware of the inconveniences to which he might consequently be exposed, and endeavoured to avert them by offices of the most disinterested kindness, rendered with a modesty calculated to stifle

the malignant passion in its birth. But vain were his precautions: he found the bitterest persecutors among those he had most laboured to conciliate, who basely contrived secretly to prepossess the whole community against him. He left the academy in disgust, impressed with an opinion little favourable to the lazy miscreants who profess to devote themselves exclusively to the study of religion, in seminaries as baneful to protestant society as monastic institutions have been to the catholic.

He next directed his attention to the study of medicine at the celebrated Wichenor institution. He was the more favourable to this pursuit, because, as he hoped, his competitors being fewer in number, and generally less dependent than those who sought to extract a livelihood from the religious fears and prejudices it was their object to excite, so there would be a smaller field for envy. As he confined his manner of living, and the fashion of his dress, within the strictest limits, his peace of mind continued undisturbed during two full years; but his extreme modesty had an effect quite contrary to his desire: his merit was too conspicuous for longer concealment. Noticed particularly by the professor, who at that time was in want of a secretary, he could not reasonably decline to accept an office which was pressed upon him with equal politeness and gratifying distinction. In the view of stifling the envy which this appointment might create, he modestly stipulated that free access to his patron's library should be his sole emolument, declining the pecuniary compensation heretofore annexed to the station. But the foul demon soon insinuated itself into the minds of his fellow students. They had superciliously imagined him of low origin and moderate views, because he had not aspired to their style of life. Astonished at his refusal of that gain of which they supposed he could not but stand in need, they now maliciously thought proper to adopt a contrary opinion, attributing to his opulence what was merely an effect of his disinterestedness. Their malevolence was moreover increased by jealousy, for they could not fail to observe the decided prefer-

ence with which Petronella, the professor's fair daughter, distinguished the unassuming Obermüller beyond his more aspiring fellows. A lingering disease had threatened the dissolution of the lovely sufferer. The youth, by assiduities the most unremitted, was chiefly instrumental in effecting her recovery: and it was clearly apparent that the successful attention of the young physician had awakened in the susceptible heart of his patient, sentiments of a nature still more tender than gratitude. The father, too, openly countenanced the predilection of his daughter, warmly avowing how agreeable to him would be an alliance with such a son-in-law. A partiality so honourable was too surely calculated to arouse the envy of a numerous host of pretenders to the lady's favour. Rage at the prospect of losing a prize so lovely and desirable to all, induced them to unite in the base attempt to asperse the untarnished character of their fortunate rival. Obermüller, challenged by one of them, could not avoid a rencontre, and had the misfortune to wound his adversary dangerously. "Alas!" reflected the unhappy young man, "if this be the consequence of a supposed partiality in my favour, what may not be apprehended from the malignant increase of envy, should the desired object become exclusively mine! My affections are not irretrievably engaged: hers may yet be turned into a channel more compatible with her exalted worth." Petronella had not received a formal declaration of the sentiments of Joannes; neither had he the smallest verbal assurance that he was the man of her choice. His dread of envy induced a resolution to remove from Wicnor. He left the father suffused in tears, but the daughter's grief was too great for utterance: she saw him depart with a vacant gaze, which she interpreted into indifference; and he sat himself down to practise physic in a town at the distance of a hundred leagues.

The town to which Obermüller removed, was the capital of the petty dominions of a Sovereign Duke who resided in it. Not long after his arrival he was called to attend the Baron Von Ligtenstein, prime minister of the domestic department, and had the happiness to recover him from a severe malady. Although the Baron was a courtier, he was grateful; and he improved every opportunity of extolling the talents of his physician in the ears of his prince. About this time all Germany was ravaged by the small-pox. The Duke was fearfully apprehensive lest his only son should be attacked by it. Baron Von Ligtenstein, who in the course of his travels had observed the efficacy of inoculation, ventured to propose it to the Duke for his son. His Highness had the good sense to consent to it; but his two principal phy-

sicians, disciples of the old school, entered a formal protest against all innovation.

The modest young Obermüller was sitting one morning at his studies, in an obscure street purposely selected, when the Baron Von Ligtenstein surprised him by an unexpected visit. After a short conversation he conducted him to the palace. Introduced to the sovereign, Obermüller undertook the charge of the young prince, inoculated, and brought him successfully through the disease. This good fortune, as he expected, excited the envy of the medical fraternity. The Duke, in his gratitude, would have advanced him to the chair of the medical college, and have instituted him first physician to the household: but he thought fit to decline a patronage so pregnant with danger. The whole host of physicians, however, persecuted him with their most rancorous malice, and his tranquillity was utterly destroyed.

So exalted an opinion had the Baron Von Ligtenstein of Obermüller's superior judgment, that he frequently solicited his counsel on domestic concerns. Conferring one day on the subject of a favourite son, he mentioned his desire of sending him, for the completion of his education to the university of Gottingen: "but," added he, "I am at a loss where a suitable man may be found in whom might surely be confided a charge of such importance, during the three years devoted to study." "I could wish," replied Obermüller, "you might condescend to place your confidence in the person I should name." "Your recommendation," answered the Baron, "would have the greatest weight." "I should, then," rejoined Obermüller, while the Baron's countenance exhibited surprise and satisfaction, "propose your physician." "Nay," continued he, in reply to the expostulations the prime minister would have urged on the score of Obermüller's interests, "I do myself solicit the appointment; the opportunity is thereby afforded me of proving my devotion to my benefactor and his son: I am heartily sick of my present position, and rejoice at so favourable a chance of escaping the malicious persecution of my enemies. I contemplate, furthermore, to study jurisprudence at the same time." The Baron would still have persisted generously to turn Obermüller from his design, but finding him immovably resolved, he, without hesitation, constituted him governor of his son; and Obermüller, with his pupil, took the road to Gottingen.

The three years passed at the university were faithfully improved. The proficiency of the pupil reflected high honour on the governor; and Obermüller was himself deeply read in the science of jurisprudence, when he returned into the hands of the Baron the son whom he had confided to his

charge. "My lord," replied Obermüller to the urgent entreaties of the prime minister that he would indicate some way whereby his eminent services might be recompensed: "through your influence I am persuaded there is no magistracy to which I might not aspire; but the dread of exposing myself to the shafts of envy, obliges me to limit my views. My ambition soars no higher than to obtain the post of fiscal judge, which I understand to be at this moment vacant in a small town under your patronage: and for this office I solicit your favour." The moderation of such a request surprised the nobleman. The entreaties of the modest Obermüller were allowed to prevail; and the approved governor of the son of a prime minister of state was installed in the no very considerable office of fiscal judge in a diminutive German town.

The retreat has not yet been discovered into which envy does not follow this most unassuming individual. Obermüller, in his modest privacy, experienced that his peace was no less exposed than before. The poor, it is true, honoured his strenuous exertions in the defence of their rights; but the malice of the rich, who could not digest his impartiality, greatly annoyed him. "This fellow," remarked some, whose bribes he had contemned, "must certainly be opulent, or he would not be so rigidly just." Now Obermüller was far otherwise than rich. His father was lately deceased, but the succession was so involved in expenses of various kinds, that his fortune was but little augmented. While on the one hand he affectionately lamented his bereavement, he consoled himself on the other that the mediocrity of his inheritance would shield him from envy.

In the performance of his fiscal duties, a warrant was one day presented for his signature, authorizing the seizure of some furniture to satisfy a debt. Believing that the magistrate's presence may sometimes restrain the obduracy of the creditor, he resolved on a step which his compassionate heart taught him to consider as a duty. He followed the bailiff to the outskirts of the town; entering a miserable hovel, he discovered, mournfully seated at the foot of a scanty flock bed, a venerable grey headed man, whose dignity in threadbare garments, announced once to have seen happier days: a disconsolate maiden, evidently the aged man's daughter, and whose attire was in little better plight, bent over him in an agony of distress.

Obermüller, profoundly silent, contemplated this deplorable spectacle with the deepest compassion. The judicial form of an inventory was quickly dispatched, as it consisted but of six or eight sorry articles. They were now proceeding to the sale of the

bed, on which the poor enfeebled debtor was reposing, when the daughter, with tender emotion, threw herself at the feet of the benevolent fiscal. "Your countenance, sir," said she, "indicates a compassionate mind. Take pity on my exhausted father: spare him the bed so necessary to his sad repose." The voice in which this touching appeal was uttered, struck Obermüller as not foreign to his ears: anxiously did he strive to recognise the features of the afflicted maiden. While he was thus deliberating, the affectionate daughter resumed her address. "If this bed must be disposed of," continued she, "grant me the privilege of redeeming it." Thus saying, she carefully drew from her bosom a miniature portrait, suspended by a ribbon. "Might time be afforded me to convert the gold mounting of this picture into money," said she with earnestness, "it may produce an amount equal to the debt we owe." A gleam of light entering the broken casement struck full on the ornament, at the same instant an inquisitive glance from the eye of the fiscal was directed upon it. Heaven! how great was his surprise: he beheld his own portrait! Again he darted a penetrative look on the countenance of the interesting pleader, when conviction, like an electrical shock, rushed in powerful force on his bewildered recollection. "Petronella!" exclaimed he convulsively. "Our friend Joannes! oh! can I be mistaken!" uttered the maiden in her turn with a glowing flush of delight; and immediately she swooned in his arms. It was indeed Petronella, and the aged sufferer was no other than her father, the once affluent, and ever respectable professor of medicine, under whom Joannes had studied at Wichnor. The old man, in amaze, raised his enfeebled head: "Alas! my dear pupil," said he, "in how deplorable a state am I presented before you!" A few moments sufficed, on the introduction of fresh air, for the restoration of Petronella. Obermüller, turning towards the creditor, inquired the extent of his claim. It was an insignificant sum remaining unpaid for rent: "and for this pitiful trifle," said he, darting a look of severe disdain on the stone-hearted landlord, "you would have driven a respectable but unfortunate man, sick and naked, upon the mercy of the elements." Immediately he discharged the claim; the landlord slunk away with shame; and the bailiff was directed by the fiscal to retire.

Liberated from the immediate grasp of these monsters, the professor and his daughter began to pour forth the grateful effusions of their soul; but this was oppressive to the generous mind of Obermüller, and he hastily interrupted them. "It is I," replied he, "who am the obliged party: no gratification can equal the happiness I enjoy in thus be-

ing rendered instrumental to the relief of friends so exceeding dear to me. But alas! "my respected sir," inquired he, affectionately addressing the professor: " whence is this cruel reverse? Why do I behold you thus distant from your happy home, reduced from affluence to wretchedness?" The professor drew Obermüller towards him in an agony of conflicting passions: he embraced him: he wept: then making a motion that the young fiscal should be seated, with a countenance of sorrow he entered on his pitiful tale:—

" You cannot have forgotten, my dear Joannes, that previous to your departure from Wichnor, the malicious envy of the counsellor Manlanhoff had already deeply embittered the peaceful tranquillity I had fondly promised myself in a society whose countenance and good will I had taken pains to secure. By a perverseness in the character of this man, which rendered his whole life a continued round of injustice and oppression, the obligations which I had conferred on him and his connexions, had converted him into my most deadly foe. His first open declaration of hostility was on occasion of my commissioning yourself, at that time my secretary, to solicit the reimbursement of a debt due to a commercial house, trading on my funds. He intimated that if I persisted in my claim, he would involve me in a law suit by which I should be a deeper loser. His true character had now become known to me. Sensible that he might become a mischievous and dangerous enemy, I resolved on dropping all communication with him: and should have considered my peace cheaply purchased had he desisted from further annoyance. But his envious and diabolical spirit could not pardon the knowledge I possessed of the frauds and perfidies, which blackened a heart that had but too often, through the depths of his subtlety, been made to assume the aspect of fair integrity, strict morality, and holy religion. He unblushingly resolved on my ruin, and from that time never ceased to promote it by every secret and nefarious means his ingenuity could devise. Consummate as was his skill in the dexterous management of his wily snares, so that his own prime agency might be concealed, it was to me no mystery from which quarter proceeded the numerous vexations to which I was daily subjected. The traders, mechanics, and labourers, even to a considerable extent beyond the suburbs of Wichnor, had all experienced, or at least dreaded the iron hand of the counsellor's oppression. Completely subjugated by the fear of him, he could at pleasure stimulate them to mischievous acts, or use them as tools in any nefarious design. This will account to you for the increasing inveteracy against me of that class of people, whose favour every

wise man in a small community should endeavour to conciliate, since no one can comfortably subsist independent of their services. Suitable subjects were evermore easily found, on whom a few leading hints from counsellor Manlanhoff were bestowed, and the poison of envy circulated swiftly.

" Tedious might seem the detail of the almost countless acts of irritation, and the manifold injuries in every shape, which the unceasing persecution of my enemy compelled me to endure. Suffice it to state that I saw daily diminishing, by the charges of the unjust processes into which the counsellor encouraged unprincipled men to involve me, the small remnant that systematic bankrupts and unfortunate commercial speculations had left me, of the independent fortune with which, twelve years before, I had attempted to establish my family at Wichnor. The skill of my enemy in distorting a plain case, and his aptitude in the labyrinths of chicane, ever secured him a certain triumph over my simplicity and ignorance of the subterfuges to which he might resort. At length I gave over defending my injuries; for it was manifest to me that the saving I should make, by acceding in the first instance to every demand, however palpably unjust, would by no means prove inconsiderable, when I had reason to suspect that the ready counsellor might be resorted to, in the event of my non-compliance.

On the principle that the feebler feathered inhabitants of air, do better to relinquish to the despotic voracious hawk, the regions which they in vain might contend to be their equal heritage, even so had I come to the determination that my removal from the place could alone secure me from the future malignity of my industrious persecutor. Firmly entrenched by ramparts of law, my enemy could choose his opportunities, and pounce on his prey like the carnivorous buzzard from his inaccessible cleft in the craggy adamantine rock. But perfidious treachery followed on the heels of persecuting envy: my only remaining domestic had been corrupted, and my intended removal was cruelly anticipated at the moment I thought my escape the most sure. The officers of justice, as unexpectedly as a thunderbolt, suddenly forced an entry into my habitation, and possessed themselves of my medical apparatus, my books, and my furniture. This outrage was in the name of an ungrateful miscreant, from whom I could the less have suspected any violence as he was largely my debtor, and had even acknowledged my lenity in foregoing a claim, during the whole continuance of the late war, of which I could have enforced payment, had it not been for my commiseration towards his family. Enraged at so flagrant an outrage, I flew to expostulate with the aggressor.

But he who had formerly shewn himself so humble and suppliant, grinning through his saturnine features a smile of diabolical malice, triumphantly referred me for redress to counsellor Manlanhoff. On his part, this satanic son of chicane, calmly affecting an air of indifference, offered his mediation to purchase the good will of my adversary; assuring me at the same time in a style of intimidation, that he possessed the means of my complete overthrow: "and," added he with an emphasis replete with malevolence, "it devolves on me to see that justice is done him." Such deep stillness pervaded the motions of these dark plotters of mischief, that no clue could be had to their machinations until the day of hearing. Secret, as the malign influence that suggests them, must ever be the devices of the wicked. The crafty counsellor never failed to inculcate this maxim; and he was often indebted for the success which crowned his daring efforts, to the neglect of this caution on the part of his more honest, and consequently less suspicious opponents.

"In conformity to the German custom, the parties when first convened before the court, were severally put on oath. My perjured assailant claimed to have made many considerable payments, some to an agent authorised by me, and the rest to myself; he swore, moreover, that he had advanced me a large amount by way of loan. Against these claims I exhibited the miscreant's bond; and urged that had the amount been lessened in any way, surely he would have insisted that the payment should have been endorsed thereon. Furthermore I denied ever to have borrowed any money from the man, appealing to the whole court, who had all known him as dependent on his daily labour for the support of a swarm of necessitous children, whether, in the first place, it was at all to be credited that he had been in a capacity to make the alleged advance: and, in the next, if he would have done so without exacting a written acknowledgment. In confirmation of my testimony the agent to whom he pretended to have made payments, contradicted his assertion in the most positive manner.

"The decision of the court was, as you must conclude, in my favour; and I supposed my perplexity at an end. But the disappointed counsellor resolved otherwise. With envenomed rancour, swelled to greater distension by unsuccessful opposition, he pledged himself with an intemperance plainly indicating he was no secondary performer in the farce, to compel me to regorge fourfold the amount the court of justice had that day righteously decreed to me: then, foaming with that envy which consumes the vitals of the demons of the dark regions without uttering destroying them, he bounded out of the

hall with a rage which in other instances he had generally thought it more prudent to conceal.

"Most pertinaciously did this monster adhere to his pledge. The nominal prosecutor was stimulated to persevere. Gladly would he have backed out, but so far had he put himself in the power of his prime instigator, that, like those whom fiction represents as under compact with the evil spirit, he could no longer recede. The affair became of consequence: the whole community took deep interest in it, and every engine was put in requisition to excite the prejudice of the multitude. Although I knew the depth of my adversary's guile, still I never was without hope that his high-handed iniquity would be declared. My cause was allowed through the whole grade of intermediate courts: but I noticed with deep apprehension that whatever appeared wanting on my opponent's side at a previous trial, was abundantly supplied at that which ensued. At one court a witness was produced, who opportunely happening to pass by at the critical moment, saw, through a window, the alleged payment of money into my hands. At another, the rejected evidence of that witness, was supported by two worthies, who had seen him peeping through the window on the day and hour stated, and heard him repeat what he had there observed. And, at a third, a host of swearers, marshalled like train-bands, poured out a deluge of overwhelming evidence: they had heard acknowledgments which never were made, and seen deeds which no mortal had acted. Such, however, was the bias on the benches of the judges in favour of truth, that the united testimony of the whole host would have been rejected, had not the ever vigilant Manlanhoff adopted a precaution that could not fail to avail him in so trying a moment. Master of the secret springs which influence and actuate nine-tenths of mankind, the ingenious counsellor, observing the popularity of a religious profession, kept a well trained female in reserve, who in order to give her evidence indisputable weight, had previously united herself to an assembly of the howling fanatics; a sect of religionists at that time in great vogue throughout the Germanic empire. This prostituted reptile, with an air of innocence and truth, that would have done honour to a more righteous cause, supported, by her well fabricated evidence, which carried many apparently unintentional stabs deep into my reputation, every material assertion of the corrupt band which had preceded her. The countenance of the judges was observed to change. Nine of the fifteen who composed the court had, in the late revolution of power, been advanced to their present station from the dregs of the people, and were noisy declaim-

ers in the conventicles of the howling fanatics. Counsellor Manlanhoff triumphantly felt, and prosecuted his advantage: he never before spoke with such acceptable eloquence. My character was traduced, and my conduct held up to execration. That I had the hardihood to differ in my sentiments and actions from the customs of the inhabitants generally, was magnified into a high crime. My contempt of established forms was inferred from the fact of my not dining when the great bell of the conventicle tolled: nay, it was not certain that I dined at all, emphatically remarked the pleader, with counterfeit holy zeal, as if indignant at such violation of that pious habit: for the counsellor had himself professed deep veneration for the new order. He alleged furthermore that I was strongly suspected of being a free-thinker, as I was a frequent visitor at Masonic Lodges, had stigmatized the worship of Saturday night with the epithet of idolatry, and had written against the reverend domines for excluding from the kingdom of heaven, of which none could doubt they were the acknowledged door-wardens, a couple who had the temerity to marry contrary to their revealed will and pleasure. In fine a more deadly blow was never so opportunely struck. The case was finally decided: the court was of opinion that it was unimportant that the charges originally preferred should be sustained, there being no difference of opinion as to my deserving punishment for my general demerits. Judgment was solemnly pronounced, and I was condemned in such heavy damages, that all the residue of my property was swallowed up to reimburse a few magnanimous individuals, who in the face of such deep disgrace and popular resentment, dared to become security for the complete discharge of the amount.

"It is little to be wondered at," (concluded the professor) "that a man thus indignantly treated, should be anxious to escape from so perverse a neighbourhood. I laid down the honourable office which I had filled during sixteen years: and in the still hour of the night, without so much as intimating to the small remnant of faithful friends who yet honoured me with their esteem, I abandoned the detested seat of my multiplied persecutions; and, accompanied by my daughter, took refuge under an assumed name in this town. Here, before I could determine on a course to pursue for our maintenance, sickness assailed me, and the want which it naturally involved, may explain to you the situation in which I now appear before you, and the scene of distress from which your unexpected presence has so happily extricated me."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

FASHIONABLE LIFE IN MEXICO.

No. I.

CAPTAIN HALL, well known by his voyage to Loo Choo, has just published in London an "Extract of a Journal written on the coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822;" of which a very favourable account is given in the literary journals of July. His descriptions of the natural phenomena, and the hardy manners of the South Americans, appear to have added considerably to his reputation as an author. Nor does he seem to be entitled to less commendation, for the amusing accounts which he gives of the manner of conducting parties among high or fashionable people. The following description of a *convité*, or Mexican dinner party, its unique:

I made one of a great dinner party today, a sort of feast, or, as it is called in Spanish, a *convité*. The hour named was one o'clock, but it was half-past one before the company were all assembled. They were first invited to a side-room to take a whet, which looked more like a substantial luncheon. In the middle of the table was placed a ham, flanked by two huge bowls, one of punch, the other of sangree; a mixture of wine, sugar, lemon-juice, and spices. At each end of the table stood a dish of cheese, ingeniously carved into the shape of radishes and turnips. At each corner was a dish of olives, covered with slices of raw onions, floating about in vinegar. I need not add, there was a quardiente and wine in profusion. Such ample justice was done to this whet, that the dinner, I thought, stood a poor chance of being touched; but in this I was much mistaken.

Forty people sat down to one table. At the top were placed the two principal ladies; on their right sat the military commander-in-chief, while I was requested to sit on the other side, next to the lady of the house. Then came the Alcaldé, the chief civil authority, and so on. The master of the house served at table, in the capacity of waiter, assisted most good-naturedly by four or five gentlemen, for whom there were no places, and who preferred making themselves useful in this way, to dining in another apart-

ment along with ten or a dozen others, equally shut out by want of room.

At first a suspicious kind of calm prevailed, but the soup had scarcely been removed before there appeared symptoms of an approaching storm. While we were discussing the olla, the dish which always succeeds the soup, a principal person in company rose up and shouted out "Copas en mano!" handle your glasses. But he had to repeat his mandate several times, and to stretch out his tumbler brimful of wine, before the distant parts of the table stood up in honour of the toast, which was one of the common-places of the day, "Union y Libertad." After this signal, there was kept up, during the whole dinner, a constant discharge of toasts and sentiments; and upon an average, towards the end of dinner, there could be no less than ten or twelve men on their legs, all speaking at once, at the full stretch of their voices, and accompanying every remark with some theatrical gesticulation. Others kept their seats, thinking, perhaps, they might thereby have a fairer aim at the table, which rung from end to end with the blows by which these orators sought to enforce their arguments.

Meanwhile the dinner went on, as if nothing remarkable was passing; the plates and dishes were changed by the servants and their volunteer assistants, with singular dexterity, and in spite of this vast confusion. The bottle passed more and more rapidly; the noise increased; the bawlers became more numerous; and by the time the dinner was well over, the party fell to pieces, and all seemed uproar and confusion: groups of four or five, and sometimes twice that number, might be seen clustered together, all speaking or singing at once. I never was more astonished than at seeing so many men on all other occasions perfect models of decorum, suddenly lose their formality, and act like so many professed toppers and merry-makers. At first I thought this must needs end in blows, and stood prepared to avoid the bottles and glasses which were likely to be flying about. But after a little while, it was easy to discover more sounds of mirth than of anger; and the ladies, who must have been accustomed to such scenes, sat very composedly, viewing it all with great delight. Something like order was presently restored by the feats of a merry Biscayan, who dressed himself like a cook, by throwing off his coat and waistcoat, turning up the sleeves of his shirt above the elbows, and pinning a napkin across his breast. Those who knew him of old were immediately aware of what he was going to do, and roared out *pastel! pastel!* (a pie! a pie!) upon which all singing, drinking, and talking were put an end to, and every one crowded round to see this famous pie made.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

TAKING A PLACE.—In a country play-house, after the play was over, and most wretchedly performed, an actor came on the stage to give out the next play. "Pray," says a gentleman, "what is the name of the piece you have played to-night?" "The stage coach, sir." "Then let me know when you perform it again, that I may be an outside passenger."

GARRICK.—Garrick used to employ one Stone to pick him up low actors; he was to find him a Bishop of Winchester, and had engaged one. Not long before the play began, he sent the following note to Garrick:—

"Sir,—The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear. He swears d—n his eyes if he will play to-night.

W. STONE."

Garrick's Answer.

"Stone, the bishop may go to the devil. I don't know a greater rascal except yourself. D. GARRICK."

A MOTTO.—Davenport, a tailor, having set up his carriage, he asked Foote for a motto. "There is one from Hamlet," said the wit, "that will match you to a button-hole; List, list! oh, list!"

FANATICISM.—Some years since, the theatre at Glasgow, (then the new theatre) was set on fire by a set of religious enthusiasts, and the stage entirely consumed. This disaster occurred the night before the arrival of two celebrated actresses, Mrs. George Anne Bellamy and Miss Wordley, who were to have performed the ensuing night. The following circumstance was the occasion of the conflagration:—A methodist preacher who held forth in that city, told his auditors that he dreamed, the preceding night, he was in the infernal regions at a grand entertainment, where all the devils in hell were present: and that Lucifer their chief, gave for a toast, the health of Mr. [redacted], who had sold his ground to build him a house upon (meaning the theatre) and which was to be opened the next day for them all to reign in. The poor ignorant enthusiastic hearers of this "godly" preacher found their enmity against Satan and his subjects instantly inflamed by this harangue; and in order to prevent so alarming an extension of his infernal majesty's empire, they hastened in a body to the new-built playhouse, and set the stage on fire. Luckily the flames were extinguished before any

other part of the theatre was consumed, but the wardrobe, belonging to the two actresses, which lay in packages on it, was entirely destroyed. It appeared that this religious mob had been joined by others, who wished to take advantage of the conflagration; as a great deal of the false trumpery and the regalia of the kings and queens had been taken away, which, however, were afterwards found scattered about the fields; the thieves finding that instead of gold and silver they had got only tinsel.

LORD BYRON'S OPINION OF THE DRAMA.
—The characters in a play are never the characters of life. It is impossible that they should be, for, after all, who will assert that he is capable of judging exactly, still less of drawing that of the nearest friend whom he sees daily. All characters on paper must be delineated with much of the author's perceptions rather than the truth. Historical characters are again doubly-distilled fiction—the lie of the historian, and the lie of the poet. The drama of every writer must be from his own imagination; his own mind must be the glass of the telescope, and if that is dim or cracked, the objects seen through it will be distorted accordingly. But I am such a heretic upon the English Drama, that I shall merely bewilder without explaining my schism. I look upon Congreve to have drawn comic characters superior to the other you mention;* and that the charge against him of having too much *wit*, is like that against Pope of having too much *harmony*. There can never be too much of that which is *Intellect*, or of that which is *Beauty*.

* Shakespeare.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM COOKE.

THIS gentleman, who had long been known in former literary circles, died last May at a very advanced age, at his house in London. He was born at Cork, which city he left in 1766. He went to England with strong recommendations to the first Marquis of Lansdown, the Duke of Richmond, Edmund Burke, and Dr. Goldsmith; and retained an intimacy with all these distinguished characters through life. Soon after his arrival in London he entered a member of the Middle Temple, but after a circuit or two, purchased a share in two Journals, and devoted himself chiefly to the Public Press. His first poem was entitled 'The Art of Living in London,' which was attended with considerable success. His next work was a prose essay, entitled 'Ele-

ments of Dramatic Criticism.' He afterwards wrote 'The Life of Macklin' the actor, with a History of the Stage during the life of that Performer. He also wrote 'The Life of Foote,' with whom, as well as with Macklin, he was on intimate terms. Both these works abounded with anecdotes, and judicious remarks on the merits of contemporary actors and actresses. Mr. Cooke, by desire of the Marquis of Lansdown, then Lord Shelburne, wrote a pamphlet on Parliamentary Reform, which contained true constitutional principles, expressed in nervous language. His chief poetical work was an excellent Didactic Poem, entitled 'Conversation,' which passed through several editions, and is a work of considerable merit. In the last edition of this work, the author introduced sketches of all the members of Dr. Johnson's latest Club, of which Mr. Cooke was nominated one of the earliest members at the recommendation of the Doctor. He has drawn the characters of all the members with accuracy and spirit, particularly those of Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Goldsmith; on the memory of the last he always dwelt with true friendship. The late Mr. Wyndham and Garrick are given with truth and energy. Boswell, Dr. Horsley, Brocklesby, Murphy, Mr. J. Nichols also, are well delineated. Mr. Cooke came from a long-lived family; his father was actually a class-fellow with the youngest son of Dryden, and well remembered the funeral of that great poet. Having by industry, and bequests of friendship, acquired considerable property, which he prudently managed, he had retired for many years into private life, and maintained an intercourse with a very few select friends. Mr. Cooke had a deep and comprehensive knowledge of mankind, and had stored his mind with anecdotes which he related with great ease, spirit, and humour.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

ON THE CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

It is now about four years since Dr. Marochetti published his account of the discovery of blisters under the tongue being the seat of hydrophobia, in persons bitten by a rabid animal, and that the cutting of these, and permitting them to bleed freely, is an effectual cure for this terrible disorder. We recollect that this discovery and mode of treatment, like a great many other useful inventions, encountered so much opposition and neglect at the time, that those who

were disposed to consider the matter seriously were treated with scorn, and stigmatized with the epithet of quacks. Notwithstanding this opposition, which was traced to those having interest in supporting antiquated notions, and in rearing up objections to what they choose to call "dangerous innovations," we now find that the method communicated by Dr. Marochetti had been practised with uniform success. This fact is established by an article translated from the Greek of Dr. Xanthos of Siphnos, and published in "*Hufeland's Journal der Practischen Heilkunde*," for March last. This journalist acknowledges that he was one of those who some years ago received Dr. M.'s paper, but declined inserting it, as he entertained doubts as to the cures which were said to have been performed. But these doubts having been removed by a perusal of what Dr. Xanthos had communicated, he no longer felt any hesitation in bringing the subject before the public. He also states, that the Prussian government had given directions to investigate the matter, the result of which was, that the blisters were discovered in many cases in the hospitals. In France, also, a similar phenomena had been observed, and in some cases treated with success. Where a failure occurred in these countries, this was considered altogether owing to the want of experience in the mode of treating the disease.

We have hitherto been incredulous as to the numerous cures said to have been effected in this country by the use of the skullcap. It did not escape our observation that other things besides this herb were prescribed, which of themselves might have caused the recovery of the patient. But when we first heard of Marochetti's discovery, and the simplicity of his method, we entertained no doubt as to what was said respecting it. Hydrophobia is unquestionably one of the most formidable scourges which afflict human nature; yet we find that its occurrence is seldom known in the Levant, where dogs and other animals subject to it, are as common as in the more Western parts of Europe, and in this country. We can only, therefore, account for this by supposing that the practice recommended by Dr. M. is universal on the coasts of the Mediterranean and in the Greek Islands.

The attention of Dr. Xanthus was first

called, as he states, to this subject in May, 1823, at which time he was compelled by the events occurring in his native country to take up his residence in Zurich. Here he met a Greek from the Peloponnesus, considerably advanced in years, and well acquainted with the customs of his country, who informed him that all that was necessary to cure the bite of a mad dog, was to cut it out with a sharp knife, and on the ninth day, the blisters which appeared under the tongue of the person bitten, and which the Greeks called *Lyssais*, and to suffer the bleeding to continue till the poison was discharged. Having had this statement confirmed by others of his countrymen residing at Zurich, some of whom had witnessed the operation. Dr. Xanthos says that he sent certain written questions from Heidelberg, and obtained from Arau, the following answer from Polychronis, a Thessalian:—

"If a man is bitten by a mad dog, on the ninth day small blisters, called *Lyssais*, appear under the tongue; they are about the size of a pea, some of them smaller; they are rather dark coloured, and look like flesh. They are situated on the under side of the tongue, near the membranous band, particularly on the side of the veins. If you observe the tongue of a sound man, and then examine that of a man who has been bitten by a mad dog, you will immediately see the difference. As soon as these *Lyssais* are observed, they must be cut out with a sharp knife, and the bleeding continued till the poison is discharged. If this is neglected, or deferred too long, as for instance till the twentieth day, the brain becomes affected, and the patient will die in deplorable convulsions."

Seven Greeks, (continues Dr. X.) who were staying at Arau, partly natives of Thessaly and Epirus, and partly from the islands of Greece, confirmed this testimony. Another from Lagura, near Larissa, wrote to the same effect, adding, that in his country after the *Lyssais* had been cut out, and the wound suffered to bleed a considerable time, a red hot iron was applied to the part for several days. An Epirot, at Basil, informed the Doctor that in his country, when the *Lyssais* were cut out, and the wound had bled copiously, it was the custom to rub it with garlic and common salt. He assures him that he had often seen this done, and that when this plan had been carefully pursued, the patient after the fortieth day was out of all danger. He added, that the inhabi-

tants of the neighbouring mountains, after the *Lyssais* have been cut out, washed out a gun-barrel with water, and made the patient wash his mouth with the rinsings.

Thirteen Greeks, staying at Bazil, confirmed this testimony, with some slight variations. A Peloponnesian, 80 years old, who had been in trade from fifteen to twenty years in Russia, who had since resided at Odessa, and who is now in Switzerland, told him that he had often employed this method in Russia with the happiest success. In some parts of Greece it is the custom to apply squeezed river crawfish to the bitten part; a drink is also prepared by squeezing these crawfish, and pouring on them wine or water. The inhabitants of many provinces of Greece, have great faith in the efficacy of crawfish in cases of hydrophobia, and use them both internally and externally. They do not neglect also to treat the bitten part by burning, excision, escharotics, &c.

From all this information it appears that the treatment of hydrophobia throughout Greece is the same, namely, by excision of the *lyssais*.* A question now arises whether the peasant by whom Marochetti saw this treatment successfully employed, learnt it from a Greek, or in Greece itself. That it had its origin in Greece, is evident from the name *Lyssais*, which is used throughout that country.

* From *λύσσας* rabies canina; pl. *λύσσαις*.

MINUTES OF
CONVERSATIONES AT DR. MITCHILL'S.
Increased velocity and force of Mills, moved by water, during the night and in winter

A case was stated by William Lenhart, Esq. of York, Pennsylvania, "There is a saw-mill at the mouth of a creek emptying into the Susquehannah, which cuts an immense quantity of timber. The owners, as well as several workmen, who attend the mill, state it as a fact, that *at night*, in the course of a given time, with, as they say, the same head or quantity of water, and without alteration being made in the machinery of the mill, the saw cuts much more timber than it does in the same time by daylight; and further, it cuts more in a given time during winter than during summer. The proprietors, from having become accustomed to the motion and tone of the

saw in the course of the day, say, they can readily perceive an increase of strokes, and a greater force in the saw at night. But how to account for it they know not. It is a subject of much speculation and dispute among the millers, mechanics, and floaters of timber on the river. A gentleman who deals in timber, and who sometimes attends to the floating of rafts himself, states that a raft will float nearly a third faster at night than in the day." To the same class of phenomena, it was observed must be referred the alleged fact that grist-mills, *cæteris paribus*, convert more grain into meal by night than by day; and another occurrence, confidently stated, was, that steam-boats and other vessels make greater progress under like circumstances during the coldness and darkness consequent upon the sun's absence.

The querist was informed, that with so many witnesses, in various places, and for a long time, bearing testimony to the matter represented, there seemed to be no ground for doubt or denial. As far as a principle could be deduced from the premises, it indicated an increase of density in the water during night and winter, when the solar influence was withdrawn or diminished, and when a given volume, a cubic foot, for example, contained greater weight. This would act with augmented power on the buckets of a mill wheel under the circumstances stated, and give more buoyancy for the same reason to floating bodies. It was recommended to the gentleman and his philosophical neighbours to make further observations, to confirm them by direct experiments, and to ascertain, by all means, the condition of the quicksilver in the barometer, during the dark season of brisk work.

Elegant Scholarship of Peru.

The reading of several letters from *Dr. Hipolito Unanue*, minister of finance in the new government of Peru, excited warm sympathy in favour of the strugglers for freedom and independence. They are written in the Latin tongue, and describe in plaintive, but by no means desponding terms, the condition of the nascent republic. Two extracts from the communications of this accomplished patriot, were thought peculiarly interesting; and more so in the original than in the translation.

“Maxima tempestate pro patria charis sima liberanda liberanda volvimus. Inimici ex urbe principe pulsi adhuc ex prae-ruptis Antium angustiis libertati imminent. A curis philosophicis in aerarii publici supremum ministerium vocatus, qua potui diligentia obivi. Nunc in consessu doctorum virorum provinciarum procuratoribus, pro republica ordinanda, pro legibus statuendis, assideo opus anxietatis plenum, in armorum strepitu.”

From another epistle of a letter, dated at Lima also :

“Inimicus subito civitatem invasit; egoque in medio armorum strepitu septentrionem versus migrare coactus, vitam periculo eripui. Regressus, domum, fortunasque nostras devastatas, dolui. Lenimen quoddam est cum amico solarium querere. Ast nec tempus adest, nisi ut quanta te dilectione prosequor, tester. Amaenos, et vale.

From another at the same place :

“Cum historiae naturalis supellectilem meam, partim peregrinatoribus sapientibus donarem, partim mecum in Europam detulisse; ut collectionem metallorum pro tuo ornando museo parem, necesse habeo, ea ab amicis qui altissima Antium cacumina habitant, petere; quod nunc difficile est, locis illis ab inimicis occupatis. Nihilo tamen secius fragmenta ex ditissimis fodiis habeo, ut quam primum sine detimento ad tuas manus mitti possunt, mittam.”

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

TELEMACHUS WRECKED ON THE ISLE OF CALYPSO.—A print on this subject, engraved in the line manner, is now printing, and will soon be published in London. The first of the two pictures, from this interesting scene, painted by the late president of the Royal academy, was to have been engraved by Woollett, he etched the plate, but did not live to finish it. For several years it remained in the hands of his widow. It has, however, been recently finished by the joint talents of Messrs. Middiman and Pye. This picture is one of Mr. West's most admired compositions. The group of the enchantress and her nymphs is elegantly designed, and the light thrown on them from the sun bursting through the evening clouds, is a most successful example of this great painter's knowledge of *chiaro scuro*.

Mr. Gibson, of Glasgow, has invented a

new species of water-proof hats. The fabric is made of splits of whalebone, about the thickness of a hay straw, thinly woven together. The brim is made either of pasteboard or whalebone, woven alternately with woollen yarn. The top and sides are covered with cotton cloth, water-proofed in the usual manner. On the top of this, the cloth with the exterior silk on it is cemented in the usual way. Such is the elasticity of these hats, that although you place them under a weight sufficient to crush the two sides together, they resume their original shape whenever the pressure is removed.

EASY MODE OF FINE-EDGING A RAZOR.

—On the rough side of a strap of leather, or on the undressed calf-skin binding of a book, rub a piece of tin or a common pewter spoon, for half a minute, or till the leather become glossy with the metal. If the razor be passed over this leather about half a dozen times, it will acquire a finer edge than by any other method.

At Surinam the eguanna, a species of lizard which lives upon flowers and the blossoms of trees, is eaten in fricassees and in pies. It is said to be very delicate food, and greatly resembling turtle. Its eggs are also delicious.

A new fruit has lately been introduced into England, called *Cherimoya* by the natives of Mexico; it has yet no English name, but is a species of the *Annona* of Linnaeus. It is esteemed a more delicate fruit even than the pine apple. The fruit is covered by a green scaly substance. In size and shape it resembles the heart of a calf, and the interior substance is similar to thick cream, sweetened with fine sugar. It is arranged in the natural order *Caudinatae* and is of the *Polyandria Polygynia* class and order. The flowers have only three petals, *lanceolate, coriaceous, tomentose*.

All over the south-east of Persia, to within a few miles of the Persian Gulf, the air is so dry that the brightest steel may be laid bare to the atmosphere at all hours, without incurring the slightest shade in its brilliancy. To find a rose with a sparkle of dew on it would be regarded as a miracle, from March to December.

A very extraordinary musical phenomena, in the form of a female child, only three years and eight months old, is now performing on the harp at Liverpool. Her skill is so extraordinary, that many of the audience are affected even to tears. No name is given—they called her “The Infant Lyre.”

There was found lately, in a peat moss in Easter Ross, Scotland, a large lump of matter resembling tallow, and having all its properties. Externally it has the appearance of a pretty thick birch tree, not perfectly straight, but bent a little; the bark is mostly entire, and quite fresh. The matter is close to the bark; at some places it seems to rise through it; at others to be completely a part of its substance. One end is damaged a little, the other is quite fresh and solid, of a beautiful whiteness. It is about two stone in weight, and about a foot and a half long. It was found under six feet of solid moss, standing on end by the root of a moss-tree, and is not at all altered by exposure to the atmosphere for three weeks. It melts and freezes again like tallow, burns beautifully, and tastes and smells of the same substance. Moss is known to possess wonderful antiseptic qualities.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARGENS

Tales of a Traveller. By *Geoffry Crayon, Gent.* Part II. pp. 212.

THE tales in the second part of this work fall considerably behind those in the first, in the interest which they awaken, and in truth we hazard little in saying that they awaken in the reader no interest at all. They possess the merit of Mr. Crayon's other productions—a graceful and polished style—an agreeable wit, and a lively fancy, though the style, while apparently easy, is nevertheless studied, the wit often false, and the fancy sometimes merely affectation. But viewed only as *Tales*, they are meagre and dull, as the rest of Mr. Crayon's tales, with but few exceptions, are. They are indeed unduly dignified when denominated *Tales*, being little more than sketches of subjects very indifferent in themselves, desultory in manner, and wholly devoid of incident.

The reader may recollect that though we praised the first part of these tales without much reserve, we nevertheless entertained serious objections to Mr. Crayon's works in general, and it is our present purpose to enter on a brief examination of his pretensions as a man of letters. Mr. Crayon, then, is a writer by no means of an elevated rank, his merit consisting of little more than *prettiness of style*. This, to be sure, is a quality useful to one who, like the writer before us, composes chiefly for the drawing room and

toilet, and aspires to no loftier destiny than a dress of gilded calf in a fine lady's *boudoir*; but it cannot confer on him great dignity in the circle of men of letters, or attach to his name much literary consideration. The reader, while he smiles at his conceits, cannot think of the author in any other light than as an utterer of *bright sayings*, dressed in the hey-dey of fashion, probably with a Berkely cravat and a little green jockey coat, basking in the smiles of pretty ladies, who regard him, to use a phrase of his own, as "a proper man;" enjoying the same rank in the city, as is enjoyed by the poet and wit of a country town. He may very appropriately be compared with Sir Philip Sydney, of whom he is confessedly an imitator. Sir Philip was a fine spirit, an elegant cavalier, and an incomparable courtier—could turn a compliment as neatly as any gentleman of his age; but as a man of letters his name is never repeated, and his sweet *Arcadia* is left to repose under nearly as much dust as covers Sir Philip himself.

In the author of *Waverly* we find one who unites to an exemplary style, great knowledge of the world and of the human heart, and enlarged views of matters and things in general, while his graphical skill is admitted to be unrivalled. Mr. Godwin, the elegant but gloomy author of *St. Leon*, makes us acquainted with all the passions of the human heart, and analyses at times the very soul itself; and the multitude of novel and miscellaneous writers endeavour to combine with the entertainment of the moment some useful lesson, some information of mankind and their manners, modified as they are by religion and climate, or some additional research into the common attributes of all. But Mr. Crayon is content to cater for the fine world alone, and is animated by no nobler ambition than to pass for a literary man of fashion.

But perhaps Mr. Crayon writes in the manner we have ascribed to him, not from inclination alone; perhaps he finds that his powers are not adequate to a higher and more distinguished range. This we think very probable, for in our opinion his original genius is by no means extraordinary, and his principal merit, such as it is, is the result of unwearyed study and the most assiduous cultivation. But if Mr. Crayon's powers be not decidedly original and com-

manding, whence, it will be asked, has he derived the fulness of his fame? To this our answer is ready, and we believe conclusive. His reputation it will be remembered comprehends nothing more than the merit which we have already allowed him, and even if it did, we would have no difficulty in assigning a sufficient cause for it. Mr. Crayon is indebted for the largest portion of his praises to the English critics, who were propitiated by the unqualified devotion which the author has always felt and expressed for the government, manners, and habits of their country. His sentiments are alien to those of his countrymen, and as he ceased to be American, he became English in every thing; and what peculiar trait could sooner soften the brows of such men as Blackwood and Gifford? Mr. Crayon is uniformly forward to publish his political opinions, and in the sketch of Buckthorne's life, the most pleasing sketch of them all, he has impertinently given utterance to a sentiment revolting to the national feelings of every American.

We shall not dwell on Mr. Crayon at present, though there are many faults in these tales which we might speak of at length. But we cannot conclude without censuring, in unmeasured terms, the contrivance of the publisher, in which we fear the author participates, to extort money from the public. Each of the parts of the "Tales of a Traveller," which can be gone through in an hour, costs no less than *one dollar and a quarter!* a most extraordinary charge for so small a portion of intellectual provision; and it is obvious, that while the publisher has all the four parts or numbers in his possession, he issues them separately, that the exorbitance of the charge may not appear so flagrant as it is. Were they all published in a volume at once, no person, however he might admire Mr. Crayon's compositions, would pay for their perusal the extravagant price of *five dollars!* which, by the present mode of publication, is extorted in detail. It is proper the fact should be known, that each of the parts cost originally no more than *twenty-five cents*; making one dollar for the whole; and that if they were printed in a style corresponding with American works of this description, the four parts could be afforded at *two dollars*, and leave a handsome profit to the au-

thor, publisher, and venders. It has been indeed whispered to us, that, by a certain mode of management adopted by those who had the control of the work, the booksellers in general have been deprived of *one third* of their usual retail profit. We dare say that Mr. Crayon has no objection to pocket the money obtained in this manner; but we suspect the transaction will neither be considered honorable nor creditable to him, nor to those persons whom he has employed to transact the business. It is Solomon, we believe, who says, that "he who maketh haste to be rich, cannot be innocent."

THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume :
"We come," THE GRACES three ! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell :
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty
dwell."

A BRAZILIAN AMAZON.

WE are indebted for the following account of this extraordinary heroine, to "Graham's Voyage to Brazil," an interesting volume which has recently appeared in London:—

Donna Maria de Jesus, the young woman who has lately distinguished herself in the war of the Reconcave, wears the dress of a soldier of one of the emperor's battalions, with the addition of a tartan kilt, which she told me she had adopted from a picture representing a highlander, as the most feminine military dress. Her father is a Portuguese, named Gonsalvez de Almeida, and possesses a farm on the Rio do Pex, in the parish of San José, in the Certao, about forty leagues inland from Cachoeira. Her mother was also a Portuguese; yet the young woman's features, especially her eyes and forehead, have the strongest characteristics of the Indians. Her father has another daughter by the same wife; since whose death he has married again, and the new wife and the young children have made home not very comfortable to Donna Maria. She told me several particulars concerning the country, and more concerning her own adventures. It appears, that early in the late war of the Reconcave, emissaries had traversed the country in all directions, to raise patriot recruits; that one of these had arrived at her father's house one day about dinner time; that her father had invited him in, and that after their meal he began to talk on the subject of his visit. He represented the greatness and the riches of Brazil, and the happiness to which it might attain if independent. He

set forth the long and oppressive tyranny of Portugal; and the meanness of submitting to be ruled by so poor and degraded a country. He talked long and eloquently of the services Don Pedro had rendered to Brazil; of his virtues, and those of the empress; so that at last, said the girl, "I felt my heart burning in my breast." Her father, however, had none of her enthusiasm of character. He is old, and said he neither could join the army himself, nor had he a son to send thither; and as to giving a slave for the ranks, what interest had a slave to fight for the independence of Brazil? He should wait in patience the result of the war, and be a peaceable subject to the winner.

Donna Maria stole from home to the house of her own sister, who was married, and lived at a little distance. She recapitulated the whole of the stranger's discourse, and said she wished she was a man, that she might join the patriots. "Nay," said the sister, "if I had not a husband and children, for one half what you say I would join the ranks for the emperor. This was enough. Maria received some clothes belonging to her sister's husband to equip her: and as her father was then about to go to Cachoeira to dispose of some cottons, she resolved to take the opportunity of riding after him, near enough for protection in case of accident on the road, and far enough off to escape detection. At length being in sight of Cachoeira, she stopped; and going off the road, equipped herself in male attire, and entered the town. This was on Friday. By Sunday she had managed matters so well that she had entered the regiment of artillery, and had mounted guard. She was too slight, however, for that service, and exchanged into the infantry, where she now is. She was sent hither, I believe, with despatches, and to be presented to the emperor, who has given her an ensign's commission and the order of the cross, the decoration of which he himself fixed on her jacket.

She is illiterate, but clever. Her understanding is quick, and her perceptions keen. I think, with education she might have been a remarkable person. She is not particularly masculine in her appearance, and her manners are gentle and cheerful. She has not contracted any thing coarse or vulgar in her camp life, and I believe that no imputation has ever been substantiated against her modesty. One thing is certain, that her sex never was known until her father applied to her commanding officer to seek her. There is nothing very peculiar in her manners at table, excepting that she eats farinha with her eggs at breakfast and her fish at dinner, instead of bread, and smokes a segar after each meal; but she is very temperate.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 24. Vol. I. of *New Series* of the *MEN* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Joannes Obermuller; imitated from the German.* Part II.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Fashionable Life in Mexico.* No. II.

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Count de Choiseul.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Security to Vessels against Lightning.* *Habits of Salmon.* *Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*On the First Epoch of Italian Literature.* *Character of Lord Byron's Writings.*

THE GRACES.—*Maria Theresa.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Saturday Night in London.*

POETRY.—*To Ida;* by "F;" and other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Louis and Laura, a French story," is too long. We invite the author to our columns if he will furnish us with short pieces.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Notwithstanding the late unfavourable weather, four miles of gas pipes have already been laid down in the streets of this city. When another mile and a half are completed, preparations will be made to lay the connecting pipes to the public buildings and dwelling houses.

Stone Coal of good quality, and in great abundance, is obtained from the Dudley Coal pits on the Kentucky River. It is delivered at 15 cents per bushel.

Mr. George Wallace, who lives at Braddock Fields, has raised, during the present season, a considerable quantity of the Hyson Tea Plant.

A quantity of Pitoga bark has been placed at the disposal of the British Consul at Bogota, to be sent to England in order to ascertain whether it is not superior to the Peruvian bark.

MARRIED,

Mr. S. Parsons to Mrs. Sarah Keeler.

Mr. C. W. Tempson to Miss E. Lowere.

Mr. C. C. Walters to Miss S. E. Johnson.

DIED,

Mr. Lawrence Myer, aged 51 years.

Mr. William P. Shearman.

Mr. John I. Glover, aged 76 years.

Mr. Thomas Stevenson, aged 67 years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stodart.

Mr. Nicholas Ware.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

On hearing a lady express impatience of the time before a Ball.

How frequently when Pleasure stays
The calls of Time ere she appears;
We chide the heavy rolling days,
And think e'en hours are endless years.

But when her little span is o'er,
And closed at length her fleeting reign,
With joy we'd see those days once more,
And gladly welcome them again.

When slowly rising from the tree,
A favourite bud its leaves unfolds,
Impatiently we wait to see
The beauties which its youth withholds.

But when at length th' expanding flower
Is faded and its sweetness flown,
We recollect its budding hour,
And wish it were again unblown.

Oh! think then, e'en in hours of woe,
Though heavy now, they cannot last,
A time will come, however slow,
When we shall think their flight *too fast*.

This is the only good poetical tribute to the memory of Byron, that we have seen. It appeared originally in a Scotch paper.

He's gone—the glorious spirit's fled—
The minstrel's strains are hushed and o'er;
And lowly lies the mighty dead
Upon a far and foreign shore:
Still as the harp o'er Babel's streams
For ever hangs his tuneful lyre,
And he, with all his glowing dreams,
Quenched like a meteor's fire.

So sleeps the great, the young, the brave,
Of all beneath the circling sun;
A muffled shroud—a dungeon grave—
To him—the bard—remain alone—
So, Genius, ends thy blazing reign!
So mute the music of the tongue,
Which poured, but late, the loftiest strain
That ever mortal sung.

Yet, musing on his early doom,
Methinks for him no tears should be;
Above whose bed of rest shall bloom
The laurels of eternity:
But oh! while glory gilds his sleep,
How shall the heart its loss forget!
His very fame must bid it weep,
His praises wake regret.

His memory in the tears of Greece,
Shall be embalm'd for evermore;
And till her tale of trouble cease,
His spirit walk her silent shore.
There e'en the winds that wake in sighs,
Shall still seem whispering of his name;
And lonely rocks and mountains rise,
His monuments of fame!

But where is he!—ye dead—ye dead—

How secret and how silent all!

No voice comes from the narrow bed—

No answer from the dreary pall:

It hath no tale of future trust—

No morning beam—no waking eye:

It only speaks of "dust to dust,"

Of trees that fall to lie!

"My bark is yet upon the shore"—

And thine is launched upon the sea;

Which eye of man may not explore,

Of fathomless eternity!

Perchance in some far future land,

We yet may meet—we yet may dwell—

If not—from off this mortal strand:

Immortal—fare thee well!

The moral that to be wise "is but to know how little can be known," is beautifully illustrated in the following lines.

BISHOP HUBERT.

'Tis the hour of even now,
When, with pensive, thoughtful brow,
Seeking truths as yet unknown,
Bishop Hubert walks alone.

Fain would he, by earnest thought,
Nature's secret laws be taught;
Learn the destinies of man,
And creation's wonders scan.

So he flings aside to-day
Mitre's pomp, and crosier's sway,
Seeks the desert's silent scene,
And the marge of ocean green.

Far he has not roam'd—before,
On that solitary shore,
He has found a little child,
By its seeming play beguil'd.

In the drifted, barren sand
It has scoop'd, with baby hand,
Small recess, in which might float
Sportive fairy's tiny boat.

From a hollow shell, the while,
See! 'tis filling with a smile,
Pool as shallow as may be
With the waters of the sea.

Hear the smiling Bishop ask
'What can mean such infant task?
Mark that infant's answer plain,
'Tis to hold yon mighty main!'

'Foolish trifler!' Hubert cries,
'Open, if thou canst, thine eyes;
Can a shallow, scoop'd by thee,
Hope to hold yon boundless sea?

'Know'st thou not its space transcends
All thy fancy comprehends?
Ope thy childish eyes, and know
Fathomless its depths below.'

Soon that child—on ocean's brim,
Opes its eyes, and turns to HIM!
Well does Hubert read its look,
Glance of innocent rebuke.

While a voice is heard to say,
'If the pool, thus scoop'd in play,
Cannot hold yon mighty sea,
Vain must thy researches be.'

Canst thou hope to make thine own
Secrets known to God alone?
Can thy faculties confined
Fathom THE ETERNAL MIND?"

Bishop Hubert turns away,
He has learnt enough to-day;
Learned how little man can know
While a pilgrim here below.

Reader! wouldest thou wiser be,
Let this truth suffice for thee,
Seek not what is sought in vain,
Knowledge by OBEDIENCE gain.

MORVEN.

Know ye the land of the moor and the mountain,
The heath and the harebell, the broom and the brake;
Of the white-foaming flood-fall and clear flowing fountain.

The rock-ruffled river, and brilliant blue lake?
Where flourish the forests of heaven-planted pine,
Through winter's stern storms, as through summer's
sunshine!

Know ye that that land is the country of Cael,
The mountains of Morven—the glens of the Gael.

Know ye the land where full oft, at the gloaming,
The bagpipes' loud peal rock and ravine rebound?
Where the fleet-footed roebuck and red-deer are roaming,

Or with panting breasts dart from the huntsmen and hound;

Where the eagle, bold bird! soars so princely and proud,

With the heron and hawk, o'er the cliff and the cloud!
Whose wings crest the cap of that country—of Cael,
The mountains of Morven—the glens of the Gael.

Know the land where the clan-chequered plaiden,
Like the raiment of Rome, clads the stout mountain men:

And mantles the sunny-haired blithe blue-eyed maiden,
Whose loveliness lightens the gloom of the glen?

What land, then, is that—but mine own native land,
And, though cold is its climate, and sterile its strand,
Still the home of my heart is the country of Cael—
The mountains of Morven—the glens of the Gael.

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY.

SONG.

By Sir J. Suckling.

Honest lover whosoever,
If, in all thy love, there ever
Was one wavering thought; if thy flame
Were not still and still the same,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when thou appear'st i'th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb;
And, in striving this to cover,
Dost not speak thy words twice over,
Know this, &c.

If, fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take;
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
When she hath little or nothing spoken.
Know this, &c.

If, when thou appear'st within,
Let'st not men ask and ask again;
And when thou answer'st, if it be,
To what was ask'd thee properly.
Know this, &c.

If, when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cut'st not fingers 'stead of meat;
And with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from thy place.
Know this, &c.

If by this thou dost discover,
That thou art no constant lover;
And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew.
Know this, &c.

From the Italian of Metastasio.

Gentle zephyr, as you fly,
Should you meet my lovely fair,
Softly whisper "you're a sigh"
But do not tell whose sigh you are.

Limpid streamlet, should my dear
Cross your current as you flow,
Murmuring tell her "you're a tear,"
But not whose eyes had swoln you so.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to PUZZLE in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A glove.

PUZZLE II.—The word stale.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?

II.

Why is the letter t in the word citizen, like a person's nose?

III.

Why is a potatoe like love?

IV.

The difference between the theatre and the gambling-house consists in a preposition; what is it?

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